PROGRESS REPORT

—John C. Cort

THE

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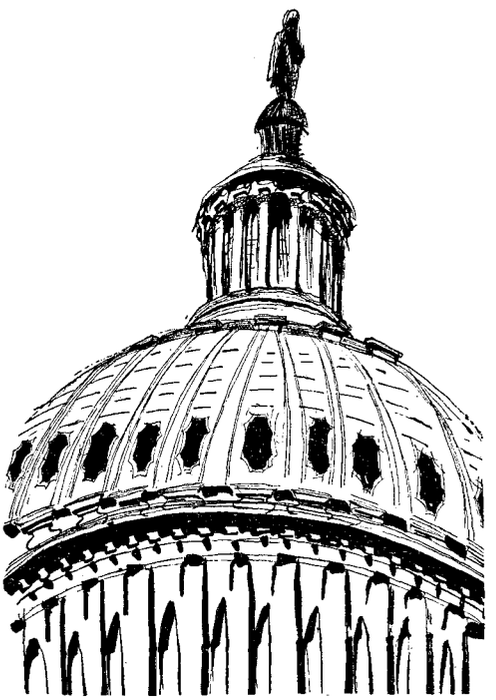

Rigid and Unrepresentative?

THE POWER OF THE SENATE

by William V. Shannon

French Communism

FALLING IDOLS

by John Caxton

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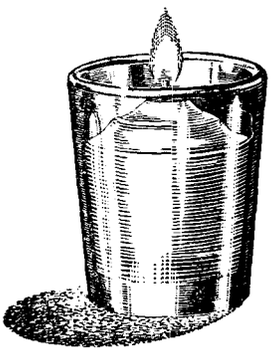

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

VICTIMS OF COMMUNISM

IN ALL of the speculation about the new Communist line, one factor is consistently slighted. In the wake of the startling changes that have followed the Communist Twentieth Congress, the most hotly debated questions have been, not surprisingly, the old and familiar: What do the recent changes indicate about Communism's major objectives? How should our foreign policy meet the new challenge? Will the relaxation of pressure weaken NATO, soften anti-Stalinist resistance, and win the favor of neutralist countries? But, except to mention the consternation which riots through the pages of the *Daily Worker,* little is said of the effect recent events have had upon individual Communists, particularly the younger people, who have been molded by the Party line.

That the effect can be profound is clear from a letter that the New York *Times* recently quoted from a Polish weekly. This letter, only part of which we reprint, is that of Michael Bruck, an eighteen-year-old student at Warsaw Polytechnic who spoke for his generation.

"When I was ten," he wrote, "I was told that my beloved brother Lech was killed in the Warsaw uprising for falsehood. In my childish imagination he was always the embodiment of heroism, courage and uprightness. When I was ten they told me in a history lesson that he was killed fighting for the vile cause of the London [Polish] Emigre Government and not for the real Poland. I have thought there was only one Poland and now it appeared that there were many. When I was ten I ceased to believe in the hitherto sacred word Fatherland because I did not know which of these many Polands was my Fatherland. I no longer had a Fatherland.

"I had God. When I was fifteen I ceased to believe in God. God had proved to be an ally of the murderers of Lech. For long hours I knelt in a dark empty church. My soul cried, threatened, implored. I hated Him and at the same time I loved Him so much. My poor betrayed Lech also loved Him.

"You must know how terrible it is to feel one's faith slip away, vanish, and yet crave for it to remain. You must know those sleepless nights, that desperate struggling in the soul of a child. The day finally came when the cross became to me only a piece of wood.

"A friend five years older than I gave me help. He was a Communist. It was he who then brought me closer to the ideology [that] restored my faith in the world, in the goal of life, in mankind. These were my happiest years.

"Three years have passed. Now I am eighteen. It has turned out that what my family said was true—about the cruelty of secret police investigations and about the dictatorship of Stalin. It has turned out that history was really forged.

"And I? I do not know how to change my soul for the fourth time without fear that it will become a rag. I am ashamed of my older colleagues, ashamed for the whole party, for all those who waited, sniffed and looked around and for those who deceived. I am ashamed of all of you and, above all, of myself, for my stupidity and credulity.

"I no longer know how to raise my head. If I ever raise it again—but this is impossible for I have no basis for believing anything."

It may well be that Poland is not the typical satellite and that Michael Bruck is more sensitive and articulate than his fellow citizens and students. But his anguished account is that of one whose innermost beliefs have been a shuttlecock for the Communist Party. And there are many who will find their feelings expressed in his words.

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Aside from the deep loss we feel at the tragic waste of such sincere, dedicated and misdirected belief, we must be concerned for how such people will act in the future. And the question is more than political. For these people have been fed on lies and deceit and they hunger for truth and justice. If the free world does not provide it, we may ask what it is that we struggle for.

VANISHED FROGMAN

DOUBTLESS the Anglo-Saxon sense of fair play received a jolt when it first became known that the veteran frogman, Commander Lionel Crabb, had presumably perished in attempting to examine from below the Russian warships which had brought B and K to Britain. This had been originally, and still was ostensibly, a goodwill mission. Was it, then, the moment to despatch an underwater operative to see what pitch gives the propeller of the speedy Ordzonikidze its thrust or to find out what underwater detection devices the Soviet cruiser carries? But by now emphasis in Britain has shifted from the espionage question itself to the political capital the Labor Party is trying to make out of Mr. Eden's "mishandling" of the incident.

In placing the ill-fated Crabb mission in its proper context, the first consideration is the wide-scale acceptance by the Powers of foreign espionage. Individual agents are generally considered expendable if need be; when they are caught it seldom disturbs diplomatic relations even between rival nations. Commander Crabb's attempt to obtain military information is an example of the reconnoitering that is going on all the time.

Such practices can be particularized even further. When warships enter a foreign port, it is common practice to find out as much as possible about them. There was a direct precedent for the Crabb mission last October when several Russian frogmen went over the British warships that had put into Leningrad on a goodwill visit. Commander Crabb himself had apparently succeeded on a previous attempt, on the occasion of the Sverdlow's visit. Even as he perished on his final mission there were said to be several Russian frogmen in the water.

To recall the vast numbers of Soviet secret agents operating throughout the free world might help put the incident into an understandable perspective. Admittedly, the democracies cannot go in for many measures to which the Communist world resorts, but reconnaissance against such an adversary, however ill-timed, can hardly be one of them. If the British cannot deny that Commander Crabb submerged in the vicinity of the Russian vessels, they can still refer to their uncovering and thwarting of a plot, during the visit, that might have cost B and K their lives.

NEGLECTED ASSET

THE CURRENT tensions arising from the issues of Negro integration have, understandably perhaps, produced on both sides a number of emotionally-charged statements, unrealistic positions and unrealizable programs. This fact makes all the more welcome and significant a recent study, "The Negro Potential," issued by The Conservation of Human Resources Project of Columbia University.

This 144-page booklet points out that the fifteen million Negroes in the U.S. are "the single most underdeveloped human resource in the country." The report further points out that the Negro can realize his potential and thereby make his full contribution to the national community only through full integration of the races. Even semi-segregation, effected through housing restrictions or the gerrymandering of school districts, for example, results inevitably in lowered capabilities and psychological handicaps for the Negro, with a consequent waste of the human qualities in which no nation can ever be too rich—intelligence, resourcefulness, civic responsibility.

For our part, we welcome the report. It shows that, in the specific case of integration, the nation's enlightened self-interest and the demands of its conscience agree. Neither can be satisfied with less than full citizenship for all Americans.

NEXT WEEK

FRANCIS E. MCMAHON writes about the contrasting situations of Perón and Franco.

"Perón languishes in embittered exile; Franco continues to direct the fortunes of his country. How account for this reversal? Has Franco proven to be the more astute of the two men? Was there a flaw in the character of the one which the other lacked? Or were imponderable historical forces, independent of the wills and abilities of both men, responsible?"

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NO RIGHT TO WORK?

SHOULD a Communist hold a sensitive government job? In 1956, most Americans would say not. Should a Communist work in a non-sensitive government job? Once again, not very many Americans would say they should. But the questions do not stop there. How about people who have long been members of groups labeled as Party-fronts? How about people who belonged to such organizations in the thirties and have had no connection with them since?

What about jobs outside the government? Should a Communist carpenter be permitted to work at his trade? Should a Communist singer be allowed to sing? What about those entertainers who during the war, like some top U.S. political leaders, joined groups intended to encourage closer ties between the Soviet Union and America? Should a Communist or a Communist-sympathizer be permitted to work in a factory or in a super-market? Should they be starved out completely?

The discussion of ideology, security and employment has been going on ever since the cold war started. It will continue for a long time to come. We cite these questions here, not to try to answer them in detail, but to suggest the complexities involved in the discussion. Our own belief, as we have said before, is that the concept of security is weakened rather than strengthened when security considerations are applied to areas where the national safety is not actually involved. We believe in security tests for sensitive posts; we think they are pointless and harmful when applied to jobs in super-markets or residence in a housing project. Applying ideological tests to employment raises many knotty problems, and we suggest that they are not solved simply by saying that "no man has a right to a specific job," a tag-line that has recently been revived again.

It seems to us that a man does have certain specific rights in this matter of employment. In the case of a government job, he has a right to fair and equal treatment. He may not have a right to a particular job, and conditions can certainly be laid down to measure fitness or the lack of it for a specific job, but the conditions must be just, they must be equitable, and the same rules must apply to all. Similarly, once a man has a particular job, he again has certain definite rights; in such instances a moral relationship has been created between the United States government as employer and citizen as employee. If the man is discharged arbitrarily or on very flimsy reasons, that action cannot be dismissed lightly. In very much the same way, a man in private employment has comparable rights—rights recognized in most industries. If he is dismissed without adequate cause, we again do not see how the action can be brushed aside on the grounds that he has no right to that specific job.

Somewhere, some time in this matter of employment, a man's right to life and the means to sustain it has to become specific. At what point is that supposed to be? If, quietly and without fanfare, society is going to refuse any and all employment, sensitive or non-sensitive, government or private, to people who are now or were once sympathetic to Communism or Communist causes, the decision will require considerable moral and political justification. Simply saying a man has no right to a particular job hardly provides an adequate end to the discussion.

LAST STRONGHOLDS

THE UNIVERSALITY of the anti-colonialist sentiment sweeping the Asia-Africa world can scarcely be exaggerated. One of the Communists' most adroit tricks is to turn it against the United States, even though this nation has been traditionally anti-colonial.

In Cyprus, where the British have created national martyrs by executing two patriots, one for murder and the other for an unsuccessful attempt—after exiling the Archbishop who was his people's political leader—the object is apparently to smash a Cypriote terrorist organization of but eighty members. In Algeria the French have a much more formidable task "fighting a savage rebellion that will have to be put down before any real progress toward liberal solutions is possible. . . . The nationalist ferment is new and largely artificial."

But the London *Tablet*, from which these two items are taken, thinks it has found two strongholds where empire-builders should hold out to the last: Singapore, which is negotiating for its independence, and Hongkong, which is not. These are cities which were "the creation of Britain in the last century, made from nothing and coming to provide a livelihood and a home for tens of thousands of people, largely Chinese. . . . It is not the British but the new population who have flocked to the city, who are the newcomers." There may be a certain logic here, but how will it stand up against the dominant current, even in a city like Singapore which the British did construct out of the swamps?

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GERMAN REUNIFICATION

THE BONN Republic recently celebrated its first anniversary as a member of NATO. It is almost symbolic that the day passed in West Germany without public celebration of any kind; it was just another day, with "business as usual" along the Elbe and the Rhine.

It is not hard to understand West Germany's indifference to its NATO anniversary. The first year had passed without a single step being taken toward reunification—the primary goal of the German people. If anything, reunification seemed even more remote than it had a year ago. The Western allies seem to have agreed that there is no point in attempting to deal with Russia on the German question at this time, and Mr. Khrushchev had frankly stated in Britain that German reunification depended on Russia, and that Russia's price for it was a neutral Germany.

Added to this stalemate on reunification was the grim consequence of Germany's geographical and political division between East and West: the fact that two armies are now marching on German soil, and that Germans may someday be fighting Germans. This fear, added to the natural longing for reunion with separated families and friends, has served to deepen the uneasiness of the West Germans and multiply their questions about the wisdom or even the necessity of a continued division of the German people.

In the face of mounting pressures such as these, Chancellor Adenauer has kept West Germany firmly within the Western Alliance, but the Social Democrats and the Free Democrats have chipped away much of his once-massive political strength. It is both significant and disturbing that these anti-Adenauer elements are challenging the aging Chancellor on his basic political dogma of firm allegiance to the West, and are advocating either an official policy of neutrality or at least of opening more windows to the East.

The position of Chancellor Adenauer has been further weakened by the sudden shift in diplomatic patterns after Geneva. The old pattern of bloc against bloc, of "the East" against "the West," has been suddenly replaced by a network of bilateral meetings and possible negotiations: Russia with Britain, France with Russia, Yugoslavia with France, France with the U.S. The diplomatic lanes have been cleared and the political terrain mapped; whoever takes power upon Mr. Adenauer's death or political defeat will be under pressure from his people to follow the pattern of post-Geneva politics.

Faced with the strong possibility that West Germany may eventually negotiate separately with Russia to achieve reunification, the Big Three have adopted a policy of heartily assuring West Germany that they have every confidence she will not enter into such a bilateral agreement. To this has been added the familiar policy of watchful waiting.

But the twin policies of hearty assurance and watchful waiting are not likely to solve the problem for the West. For, as Mr. Khrushchev made clear in London, there is nothing the West can offer West Germany now. The West has given her sovereignty, an army, economic stability and a place among the free nations of the world. But the West cannot give Germany her unity. Only Russia can give her that—unless, of course, the West can effect a breakthrough in thought on its gravest immediate problem.

MINIMUM WAGE

IN HIS article in this issue, John C. Cort refers to an estimate that twenty per cent of America's families live on an income of less than $40 a week. To most people, this figure will come as a surprise and a shock, for poverty in this country today tends to exist in a peculiar kind of isolation. Many low-income jobs are considered the particular province of various racial and national minority groups, and the Negroes, Mexican-Americans or Puerto Ricans who work at them are largely cut off from the general community. In the same way, certain occupations and industries are outside the normal protection of law enjoyed by most Americans.

One immediate way to help relieve this situation would be to broaden the coverage of the minimum wage law, which last year was raised to $1 an hour. The Senate Labor subcommittee is currently holding hearings on this very question. Under study are specific proposals which would bring almost ten million workers, now excluded, under the protection of the wage law. The changes could extend coverage to large retail establishments, including chain groceries, laundries, cleaning establishments and hotels; workers on large-scale farms and food-processing workers—two groups often neglected—might well be included.

We emphatically endorse the idea of broadening the coverage of the minimum wage law, and we hope that effective action can be taken during this session of Congress. There will never be a better time to extend the protection of this law to the millions of American workers who badly need it.

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The Power of the Senate

"BY ITS NATURE THE SENATE IS NOT PROPERLY CONSTITUTED TO FRAME A NATIONAL PROGRAM"

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

IN THE ten years since the war, the United States Senate as an institution has had a rising curve of power and a declining arc of moral prestige. Beginning early this year these two lines began unexpectedly to converge and intersect. Their crossing has precipitated, if not a crisis of conscience, at least an unwanted interlude of critical introspection and reexamination of the Senate.

The elevation of Senator James Eastland to the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee through the blind operation of the seniority system, the intensive exercise by Senator Lyndon Johnson of all the latent powers of the majority leadership to force through the unpopular gas bill, the dramatic revelation by Senator Francis Case of the $2,500 "campaign contribution" from a gas lobbyist, and the belated, half-hearted confrontation by the Senate of the submerged and ugly issue of campaign financing have all contributed to the geometry of events.

The particular issues of seniority, party leadership, lobbying, and campaign finance take on additional significance in the context of the larger questions of the distribution of power between Congress and the President and the balance of political forces in the nation at large. Beyond even those issues, analysis must reach to the ultimate question of political power and moral accountability. To whom is the Senate responsible?

Only in exceptional intervals is the President able to play a role in the American system comparable to that of a British Prime Minister. This is the role of the strong party leader who goes to the country with a clear program, receives a decisive mandate, and puts that program through Congress with the backing of a largely united party. Woodrow Wilson accomplished this grand design in 1913-14 when the opposition was riven by the Republican-Progressive split. Franklin Roosevelt duplicated it on a larger scale and for a longer time in 1933-38.

After 1938, the Democratic Party, with a majority of its members committed to the Administration program, retained paper control but a hostile Southern minority was able to coalesce with the numerically strengthened Republicans to interpose an effective veto on further domestic legislation. The long stalemate had begun. It was to be nearly a decade before this coalition was strong enough to put through a program of its own. Meanwhile the coming of the war masked the shift in the balance of power. Roosevelt was able to make the change from Dr. New Deal to Dr. Win-the-War, and although his area of maneuver became increasingly circumscribed, he managed until his death to maintain the center of power at the White House by means of his enormous personal prestige and supple political skill.

MR. TRUMAN, upon his accession, had to struggle to preserve the Presidential hegemony. It was a long siege which he slowly, inexorably lost. The initiative and much of the power gradually passed to the Senate coalition which had the good fortune to find in the late Robert Taft an uncommonly able legislative strategist. We are too close to those years to be able to say definitively that it might have been otherwise. Certainly it is clear that the sources of Mr. Truman's failure were complex and not entirely of his own making. Three factors seem in retrospect to have been paramount. First, as a former Senator, President Truman could not be a fully commanding figure to his erstwhile colleagues. Long acquaintance precluded the sense of awe with which the Senate had regarded his predecessor. A certain distance in personal relationships, it would seem, is a vital element in the Presidential charisma even where hardened Senators are concerned. Secondly, Mr. Truman espoused a program that was considerably to the left of the bipartisan coalition's viewpoint. He was, in a sense, maneuvering on a wide ideological front that extended far beyond his narrow political base defined in terms of congressional voting strength. In military terms, the ex-artillery captain of Battery D was overcommitted on a broad front. The third factor was Mr. Truman's refusal to compromise on any of his domestic program.

Mr. Shannon, Washington correspondent for the N. Y. *Post*, contributes frequently to this magazine.

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He advocated, for example, compulsory national health insurance. This at no time in his two terms in office had any chance of passage. Senator Paul Douglas proposed at one point a moderate alternative in the form of insurance for catastrophic illness. This would have narrowed the ground of controversy, cut down the angry clamor about "socialized medicine," and perhaps have brought the health issue into practical focus. Mr. Truman rejected this and similar compromises on civil rights and labor legislation. He went further. He alienated Senators Douglas, Kefauver, Fulbright, and others on extraneous quarrels.

The result was that the Truman Administration during its seven years obtained little more from Congress than what Senator Taft chose to grant it. Mr. Taft personally commanded the destruction of price controls in 1946. He wrote his own labor law. In alliance with the Southerners, he wrote the nation's tax bills. The only major piece of social legislation Mr. Truman obtained from Congress was one Senator Taft backed: the Wagner-Ellender-Taft housing law of 1949.

PRESIDENT Truman and Mr. Taft were not unaware of this distribution of power. The two men were engaged in a great chess game in which each checkmated the other. Senator Taft dominated the 80th Congress but Mr. Truman exploited that domination to defeat the Republicans in 1948.

Mr. Truman would not compromise at any point in the manner suggested by Senator Douglas and others because he was convinced that only by taking a strong line could he hold together his own Northern liberal coalition and keep the Presidency in the control of his party. He read the lesson of the 1948 election to mean that only the force of his own coalition and his commitment to it sustained the stalemate at all and warded off the worse alternative of total defeat.

Whatever may be the ultimate judgment on the wisdom of these conflicting political strategies, we can see in retrospect that the deadlock had severe and disabling side effects for both the President and the Senate and, therefore, for the country.

In the Presidency, Mr. Truman by the last two years of his Administration had lost virtually all influence over the course of legislative action. He was able to exercise the great formal power of his office by sporadic, naked thrusts of will such as ordering troops into Korea or firing General MacArthur. But he had been shorn of the no less important intangible powers of the Presidency: the power to persuade, to maneuver, to direct the course of public opinion, to negotiate fruitful legislative compromise.

In the Senate, Mr. Taft's personal mastery of his party contributed to a fateful decline in the quality of the opposition. His peculiar mixture of personal obstinacy and airless logic dictated the shape and character of the Republican attack on the Truman-Acheson foreign policy. It was an attack that sank below the waterline of decency to a savage undercutting of personalities. This approach had been foreshadowed as early as 1947 when Mr. Taft backed that massive graveyard raid conducted by former Senators Brewster and Ferguson known as the Pearl Harbor inquiry. By 1950, Senator Taft's sympathy with the frustration of his party, so akin to his own long-denied personal ambitions, undermined his judgment. Thus it was that he extended his sheltering prestige to Senator McCarthy and permitted him to flourish unchecked.

IN 1952, the voters intuitively turned from both the dominating figures who symbolized this stalemate in favor of General Eisenhower. Beyond all the immediate issues of Korea, corruption, Communism in government, and so on, the image of Dwight D. Eisenhower the peacemaker and conciliator loomed appealingly to a nation weary of stale controversies and unresolved issues.

Mr. Eisenhower has not, however, "worked through" the problems posed by the stalemate in the manner of an effective leader of the moderate centrists. He remains moderation's symbol but not its agent. He lacks the dedicated energy and practical political skills to resolve dilemmas tortured by delay and partisan bitterness. The great issues, from school aid and farm relief to civil rights and foreign economic policy, remain about where they were in 1949. They have been anaesthetized but not resolved.

The stalemate has simply assumed a new guise, though not a new content. Mr. Eisenhower does not control, coordinate, and direct. Neither is the Democratic Senate able to impose its will on the Administration. Given the slow pace and mild temper of Mr. Eisenhower's Presidential leadership, however, force and initiative flow mostly from the Senate.

Mr. Eisenhower did not destroy Senator McCarthy's power by frontal attack or skillful outflanking; the conservative coalition in the Senate simply withdrew from him the aegis of its protection and tolerance. He was, in a word, not defeated but excommunicated. President Eisenhower's proposals for health reinsurance, road building, farm policy, and other domestic measures go ignored. The President reigns, but the Senate rules or, more often, does not rule, but investigates.

UNDER our system of government the government drifts whenever the Senate is in the ascendancy. This is only natural, for by its nature the Senate is not properly constituted to frame a national program. Senators are the ambassadors of their states, advo-

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cates (and prisoners) of the local and regional interests of their diverse constituencies.

The present difficulties of Senator Lyndon Johnson, the Democratic majority leader, underscore this fact. Mr. Johnson is an able politician, shrewd, resilient, intensely hard working. His considerable talents, however, are heavily mortgaged by the predatory force of a single economic interest in his native state. Texas is the last stronghold of the freebooting, nineteenth century species of capitalist. Like the earlier "malefactors of great wealth," the Texas oil and gas barons not only want to exploit nature's bounty as a privilege but also to be subsidized by the government as a right. They have hungered successfully for the federal government's offshore oil lands, they want unchecked power to set gas prices, they cling defiantly to their excessive oil depletion allowances.

Texas is Senator Johnson's political base. He simply cannot flout or ignore the incessant pressures of these powerful constituents and remain in office. He complains bitterly from time to time that his activities on behalf of the oil and gas interests are no different, no less proper than a liberal senator's devotion to the cause of union labor or an agricultural senator's exertions on behalf of high wheat or cotton prices. The difference is, however, that the rest of the nation can see some national benefits to be derived from protecting the purchasing power of industrial workers or subsidizing farmers. It is difficult in the extreme to identify the oil and gas industry's particular interest with the nation's general interest. What is good for Superior Oil Company is not necessarily good for the United States. Indeed, the two interests at times seem diametrically opposed. In this power clash, Senator Johnson is trapped and compromised.

How seriously he is caught, his legislative generalship at the opening of the present session made cruelly clear. Senator Johnson, as majority leader, has the prerogative of determining the order in which the Senate considers various bills. He used this authority to call up the natural gas bill as the first major bill in January. It was at great cost to his own party for it nearly destroyed the party's "giveaway issue" in an election year. Five of the nine members of the Democratic Policy Committee opposed the bill but gave way before Senator Johnson's personal pressure.

Then the crudity and intemperate nature of his supporters betrayed him at a critical moment. Just as he was about to shepherd the bill safely to final passage, Senator Case of South Dakota disclosed that an oil lobbyist had contributed $2,500 to his campaign fund on the tacit understanding that the Senator would vote for the bill. Never was an attempt to influence more gratuitous or unnecessary.

At that juncture the obvious course of political wisdom was for Senator Johnson and the managers of the bill to withdraw it for the time being. Once the bill bore the moral onus suggested by Case, it was not hard to see that, if passed, it would provide the Republican opposition with a striking temptation in an election year. Nevertheless, Senator Johnson, perhaps because his Texas backers gave him no other option, pushed for-

ward relentlessly, managing meanwhile to make a bad business worse by questioning Senator Case's motives in making his disclosure. The President and his advisers closed the trap with a ringing veto message striking not at the content of the bill but at the murky circumstances surrounding its passage.

The debacle to which Senator Johnson led himself and his party illustrates the crucial defect of Senate government: its irresponsibility. The coalition that passed the gas bill is the same bloc of conservative Republicans and Southern Democrats which Senator Taft led. It is unanswerable to the majority of the American people. Neither the Southern minority nor the conservative Republican minority has been able to control a convention of either party for thirty years. A Presidential candidate who campaigned openly on the platform of the legislation passed by the Senate coalition in the past decade—featuring such items as the Taft-Hartley law, the McCarran-Walter immigration act, the tidelands oil and natural gas bills, reduced foreign economic assistance, and concerted hostility to civil rights reforms—would be overwhelmingly defeated no matter which ticket he ran on. Yet the two minorities combined dominate the Senate.

SEVERAL forces conspire to intensify the rigidity and unrepresentative character of the Senate system. One is the increasingly important role of big money and what the politicians call "silent money" in the financing of expensive television campaigns. Another is the strict adherence to the seniority system in the selection of committee chairmen. There is also the studied refusal of the Senate to take any systematic responsibility for the conduct of its committee chairmen in running investigations and obstructing legislation.

The present Senate is wary of looking too closely into the economic interests that work through both parties in Congressional elections. First Senator Hen-

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nings and then Senator Gore were shunted aside from control of the proposed campaign expenditure investigation. It is now in the hands of the circumspect Senator McClellan. A sweeping investigation might expose a network of private and party obligations to campaign contributors that run counter to the Senate's responsibility to the voters. The same inertia and fear worked to allow Senator Eastland to assume his chairmanship with but two dissenting voices raised against him.

Two reforms would help restore the independence and representative character of the Senate. One is drastic, the other modest.

First, the financing of political campaigns should be taken completely out of private hands. If the workings of government in Washington are to be purified, the source of political power must be purified. It is to the government's own interest that Senators should be answerable only to their own consciences and to the voters of their own states, and therefore the government should make that possible by paying campaign costs out of the federal treasury. The flow of funds from private interests must cease, for every private interest is selfish and every campaign contribution has a string of some kind attached.

Secondly, the Senate should modify the seniority system to provide that no chairman may serve for more than four years. Haphazard as it is, there is no satisfactory alternative to the seniority method, but that does not mean the Senate should delegate its committee power for incalculable periods of time. The play of chance in the seniority system can be limited, the scope of its inherent defect contained.

Beyond these reforms, the answer lies in a reawakening of the conscience of the Senate, which was once strong and active. In what are sometimes thought to be the somnolent, complacent twenties, the Senate three times within a decade denied seats to elected Senators who came with unclean hands. In the same period, it also censured a Senator, with far less fuss and uproar than was exhibited in the McCarthy case, for the comparatively trivial offense of bringing a lobbyist into a closed committee meeting. Within the Senate today there are men such as Senators Lehman, Morse, Douglas, and Flanders whose consciences are not dead, but their protests usually die against the wall of inertia and hostile silence reared by their colleagues.

Until the conscience of the Senate reawakens, the public must seek for a solution in the Presidency. A strong Chief Executive who would reassert the paramount position of his office within our constitutional system and enforce his claim by resourceful political leadership might break the stalemate and thereby reduce the dangers of the Senate's drifting, irresponsible power.

FRENCH COMMUNISM

Falling Idols

JOHN CAXTON

PIERRE HERVÉ, long a leading French Communist, published a book during the month before the momentous Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. M. Hervé is a Marxist, a Marxist-Leninist and even, in appearance, a Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist, although we may suspect that the quotations from Stalin would not be there if Hervé had not been a little unfortunate in his timing. Despite his titles to Communist orthodoxy, however, he is no longer a member of the French Communist Party.

Hervé did not resign or desert from the Party, in which he once held leading positions. He followed the sound maxim of a brilliant Irish political tactician: "Never resign, get yourself expelled." He wrote *La Révolution et les Fétiches,* had it published by a non-Communist house, *La Table Ronde,* and was duly expelled from the Party on the decision of the Central Committee. This decision was announced in Paris on the day the Twentieth Congress began in Moscow.

The theses of *La Révolution et les Fétiches* are not altogether new. Hervé attacks the idea of an infallible leadership, the idea of the Party as necessarily the carrier of truth, the vulgar plebeianism which moves from the suspicion of intellectuals towards an anti-rational frenzy. He attacks also the moral extremism which unnecessarily degrades its opponents, and the messianic view which holds that the classless society will be Paradise, the terminus of history. These are the idolatries, the *fétiches,* which he wishes to throw down.

On the positive side he upholds the right to criticism, the possibility of transforming capitalism by peaceful

John Caxton is the pseudonym of a well-known European writer now living in France.

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means, the necessity, as he puts it, to preserve the margin between theory and ideology—in other words, to tell the truth from time to time. These views are not altogether novel. In what, then, consist the originality and the importance of Hervé? Not in the ideas, I think, so much as in their presentation and aim. Hervé is not just conducting academic criticism, or indulging in the recriminations of the beaten. He is engaged in *opposition,* his words have the moderation and the reticences of words intended not to expose or overwhelm, but to convince or outflank.

But the decisive fact is that this opposition, though moderate and reticent, is *open.* The central message of Hervé's book, never explicitly stated, is that the French Communist Party being no longer a revolutionary party, at least in the old sense of that concept, can afford to abandon its revolutionary and quasi-military discipline and behave like an ordinary open political party, admitting *public* debate and criticism. To raise the issue, he has chosen courageously to act *as if* the Communist Party were already willing to accept public debate and criticism. The immediate result is known; the long-term results are a subject for speculation.

THE MOST influential intellectual sympathizer with the French Communist Party, M. Jean-Paul Sartre, has now, in his magazine *Les Temps Modernes,* taken up what is essentially a pro-Hervé position. True, he is reserved about Hervé himself and is unkind enough to recall certain articles signed by Hervé in *l'Humanité* at the time of the so-called "doctors' plot," supporting what we now know to have been the positions of the late Beria. But he recognizes Hervé's book for the measured political act it is,—*"une manoeuvre,"* he calls it—and his article lends extra weight to that act. He says he and his friends would have liked Hervé's opponents to argue the case against his book. Instead of doing so, they held it at arm's length, and condemned it with vague and mechanical ferocity: "Hervé is a tool of the reaction. He is not the first."

The result, says M. Sartre, is that they prove Hervé right in an important part of his thesis, that which concerns the irrational intolerance of the ideological extremists. The extremists in question, although neither Hervé nor M. Sartre explicitly says so, are the present Central Committee of the French Communist Party and their friends. M. Sartre says he is not looking for "an open Marxism" and that the question of liberty of discussion inside the party does not concern him. All he wants is that the Party should establish for Communist intellectuals "conditions of confidence and security such that a philosopher, an economist, an ethnographer, a historian, a psychologist can rediscover the desire to undertake and bring their contribution to Marxism, that is to say to *our* culture."

It seems a modest claim, but in fact it implies something very like a Hervé program: the abandonment of revolutionary authoritarianism. For the only way in which such a Party as that now controlled by M. Duclos could accept M. Sartre's proposition would be to say: "Communist intellectuals have already complete freedom. Naturally if they cease to be Communists they no longer have any place in the Party. We, the Central Committee, are the judges of when they cease to be Communists." This form of liberty is certainly not what M. Sartre desires. The real and important form of liberty which he does desire cannot be achieved without that in which, ostensibly, he refuses to take an interest: the liberalization of the Party itself. M. Sartre therefore, for all his efforts not to be *engagé* here, is with Hervé in the current of reformism and right-deviation.

Deviationist, that is, in the eyes of M. Duclos and his friends. But how good a judge of deviation is M. Duclos? His very handling of the Hervé case seems to have been unwise, even on the tactical plane. The general drift of Hervé's book, and particularly the emphasis on revolution by peaceful means, turned out to be in accord with the tone of the proceedings of the Twentieth Congress.

Was it then wise to denounce the book, in such a very undiscriminating way, just before the Congress took place? Hervé, who has no word of criticism of the Soviet Union, and who upholds the "beneficent influence" of the Soviet Union over other Communist Parties, is at present somewhat in the position of a Catholic who has appealed to Rome over the head of his bishop. Or rather he is in a stronger position since Communist orthodoxy is highly flexible and Communist bishops—especially bishops in *partibus infidelium* like M. Duclos—have little real doctrinal authority, and are highly removable.

APART from the immediate tactical struggle among the Communists themselves, the Hervé case raises two important questions. First, what would be the chances of success, in France, for a new-model, Hervé-style, liberalized Communism should it come into being? Second, how far could such a new-model ever be genuinely liberalized, and how far would it necessarily be a camouflage or a decoy? The first question is the easier to answer. The French Communist Party, if it were to adopt Hervé's main theses, would have a very good chance indeed of rapidly extending its influence over neighboring sections: the Socialists and many radicals, many of the young, probably most intellectuals. The present direction of the French Communist Party, which still reflects the Sta-

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linist phase in the Soviet Union, managed to alienate most of the non-Communist Left.

Supposing a new direction, which interpreted the new phase in Moscow, were to make an intelligent effort to end this alienation, why should it not succeed? *L'Humanité's* campaign for a *Front Populaire* falls flat because the provincial bluster and dull self-righteousness of its front-page repel those whom it is desired to attract. But if it were to transform itself dialectically into a newspaper, if it were to print news that it did not like, and to admit controversy into its columns, then half of France would be open to it and the Communist Party would begin to emerge from its present massive isolation. When M. Servan Schreiber's pro-Mendès-France newspaper *L'Express* mysteriously and perhaps symbolically scuttled itself—to use its own expression—it left a number of very able seamen indeed without a berth; not all of them would refuse one on a really modern vessel flying the hammer and sickle. Mauriac's "Bloc-Notes" on the back-page of *L'Humanité?* The thing is not completely impossible.

IF WE accept that a Communist conversation on Hervéist lines could bring about very serious changes in French political and intellectual life, then our second question takes on its full importance. How far can Frenchmen trust such a conversion? How sincere, to begin with, is Hervé himself? That is hard to estimate, since *La Révolution et les Fétiches* is a political act, not a scientific treatise. Clearly the political physician must carefully weigh the exact dose of sincerity which his patients can stand. Hervé on this point shows himself a prudent practitioner. He quotes with approval a leading Communist who warned against the danger that leaders "might grow proud" and believe themselves infallible, and who urged that even if a criticism contained five or ten per cent of truth, it should be welcomed and carefully heard. The author of these admirable precepts was the late Joseph Stalin. Hervé is well aware of the manner in which Stalin welcomed his critics, but he refrains from any comment, choosing to deal only with Stalin the theoretician and not at all with Stalin the practical man of affairs.

The effect on the non-Communist reader is chilling. Would Hervéism, which is so proud of its resemblance to Stalinism in theory, come to resemble Stalinism in practice also? The right-wing press is scornful even of those who would consider such a question seriously. The whole affair, some rightist thinkers seem to hold, is an elaborate double trap, a Wooden Horse dressed up to look like Red Riding-Hood's grandmother. Hervé, we are told, is a catspaw, his revisionism a red herring. This is all very ingenious, but in the absence of any evidence for it, it seems safer to suppose that the divergence between Hervé and his former Party superiors is real and important and merits careful attention, rather than being dismissed as mere cluckings out of Mother Goose.

That said, the questions of Hervé's sincerity and of the ultimate development of his line remain open. Some will question his sincerity on the ground that, although a professed defender of reason, his own lines of argument are sometimes elaborate nonsense. He defends Marx's laws of absolute pauperization while admitting that real wages have risen in advanced countries and must rise in backward countries. Again, more absurdly, he seems to deduce from some pretentious observations about materialist philosophy the concrete and improbable proposition that Socialism will emerge victorious from an atomic world war.

Granted, then, that Hervé sometimes cheats; he is not the first politician, Right or Left, to do so. His act remains a dangerous challenge, and that not only to his Party. There are those who hope that his ideas will not gain ground because a Hervé-ized Communist Party would be a far greater threat to French institutions than M. Duclos' inscrutable monolith can ever be. One would like to ask those who take up this position whether they are content that the frozen and impenetrable mass which is French Communism at present should forever paralyze French political and intellectual life.

If they are not so content, they should, before attacking Hervé, show that they have some better plan for melting the iceberg. Where icebergs melt there are, I believe, often fogs and cold and treacherous currents, but navigators regard such things as a challenge to their skill, not as a reason for preserving icebergs in the principal shipping lanes. Hervé wants, or says he wants, to restore a situation in which one can argue with a Communist without being answered with verbal terrorism. Why should non-Communists not take him at his word? And why should they imitate the French Communist leaders in seeming to fear the outcome? It is true that French Communism can extend its influence by adopting the Hervé line. It is also true that such a line will only work if it is genuinely carried out and that entails a very great modification of French Communism.

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Progress Report

JOHN C. CORT

IN 1891 it was considered revolutionary for the head of the Catholic Church, which, at least in Europe, was generally supposed to be an ally of the rich, to denounce the fact that "the workers are handed over, each alone and defenseless, to the inhumanity of employers and the unbridled greed of competitors . . . so that a few very rich men have laid a yoke almost of slavery on the unnumbered masses of non-owning workers."

Some Catholic papers wouldn't print those words in 1891. And even in 1931, with unemployment mounting in this country toward the 14,000,000 mark, conservative Catholics shuddered when Pius XI wrote that "all economic life has become tragically hard, inexorable and cruel." And they averted their faces when he spoke of the "immense power and despotic economic dictatorship [which] is consolidated in the hands of a few."

This month marks the anniversaries of Pius XI's "Quadragesimo Anno" and Leo XIII's "Rerum Novarum." And now, in 1956, what should be our judgment of the value and effect of these papal letters? Shall we accept the conclusion of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO? Receiving this year the Rerum Novarum Award from St. Peter's College, he said: "The encyclicals . . . have guided the American labor movement down through the years because they fit in perfectly with the American scheme of things." Is this cold fact or warm wishful thinking?

IT MIGHT be useful to take some of the major points made by these two great Popes and see how much they have guided not only the American labor movement but also American employers and American government "down through the years."

1. *Support for union organization.* The labor movement has welcomed this one and the odds are that the Popes' support helped labor to increase its membership from 3,000,000 in 1931 to more than 17,000,000 in 1956. But this is still only thirty-nine per cent of the 43,000,000 estimated "organizables." American government has followed the policy in such laws as the Wagner Act, but the consensus of expert Catholic opinion seems to be that some of the restrictions of the Taft-Hartley Act and the so-called "right-to-work" laws are contrary to the spirit of the encyclicals.

With growing exceptions, American employers still follow the lead of the National Association of Manufacturers, which takes the position that there can be no peace with labor until the unions forfeit or are relieved of the right to insist that all workers in a given plant belong to a union.

2. *"The worker must be paid a wage sufficient to support himself and his family"* ("Quadragesimo Anno"). The U. S. Department of Labor, now under Republican control and perhaps less subject to the charge of pro-labor bias, estimates the weekly wage necessary to support a modest family of four (two children) at approximately eighty-three dollars a week. The latest figures show that for the average *factory* worker wages are about seventy-eight dollars per week. But workers in non-manufacturing trades receive much less, and it is estimated that twenty per cent of U. S. families live on less than forty dollars per week.

One part of Pius XI's program which has been largely ignored is the passage on family allowances, wherein he calls for a system of "adjusting the pay for work to family burdens in such a way that, as these increase, the former may also be raised . . ." The latest bad news is that the executive council of the new AFL-CIO, at its last meeting in February, voted not to endorse Senator Neuberger's cautious bill, which asks only for a study of the Canadian system of family allowances. But the AFL-CIO wants to think it over.

3. *Obligation of the state to pass laws which "undertake the protection of life, health, strength, family, homes, workshops, wages and labor hazards . . . with special concern for women and children" where these matters have not been properly provided for by private agencies or associations.* Labor has certainly supported this papal position. The employers, by and large, have fought it with epithets ranging from "Communism" to "creeping Socialism." Government has generally recognized the obligation since the Roosevelt administration, even after the White House came under Republican tenancy. The disputes on such social legislation now rage over how far and how much.

3. *Economic planning with a view to maintaining full employment, "namely that the opportunity to work be provided to those who are able and willing to work" through maintenance of "a right proportion among wages and salaries . . . and prices"* ("Quadragesimo Anno"). Pius XI saw this planning as being carried on

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not only by the state but primarily by labor and management themselves meeting in industry councils under government supervision.

Philip Murray, the late president of the CIO, and his aide John Brophy were both Catholics who were familiar with the encyclicals. They incorporated this idea into the Industry Council Plan, which formed the subject matter of a unanimous resolution at CIO conventions every year and then gathered dust until the next convention. A very few employers have looked kindly upon it, but in general management regarded it as galloping Socialism or worse, and government has tended to ignore it in the face of such strong opposition.

5. *Defense of private property, the wage contract, and a moderate degree of competition.* In Mr. Meany's words, this position has "fit in with the American scheme of things," though not perhaps "perfectly." American employers have sometimes fluctuated between devotion to the more cut-throat varieties of competition and an inclination, once on top, to destroy any and all competition, whether it be fair or unfair.

American government has also followed this policy, and American labor has been overwhelmingly loyal to it. The Communist elements in the labor movement have been driven into a small isolated corner where they are next to impotent. The Socialist elements, although more respectable and a good deal more powerful, have mellowed or aged to the point where there is little or no Socialism above the surface and probably not much beneath it.

6. *Profit-sharing, stock-sharing and co-determination.* After defending the wage contract against the anarcho-syndicalists, Pius XI adds, "We consider it more advisable, however, in the present condition of human society that, so far as is possible, the work-contract be somewhat modified by a partnership contract, as is already being done in various ways and with no small advantage to workers and owners. Workers and other employees thus become sharers in ownership or management or participate in some fashion in the profits received."

American employers have taken a few steps toward profit-sharing and stock-sharing, notably in the fast-growing Council of Profit-Sharing Industries. But too many of the profit-sharing enthusiasts, like Mr. Lincoln of the Lincoln Electrical Company, look upon it as just a handy little device for keeping the union out. This attitude has soured many labor leaders on profit-sharing. They also feel that there is in it a danger of blunting and confusing the dividing lines between labor and management.

For similar reasons they take a dim view of co-determination, or the sharing of management through joint production committees and the like. Employers, by and large, take an even dimmer view. A few on both sides who have come under the influence of Clinton Golden, veteran CIO labor leader and more recently director of the Harvard Trade Union Program, see that there are great potentialities for good in these ideas.

7. *"Side by side with these unions there should always be associations zealously engaged in imbuing and forming their members in the teaching of religion and morality." . . . "The first and immediate apostles to the workers ought to be workers; the apostles to those who follow industry and trade ought to be from among them themselves"* ("Quadragesimo Anno"). In this country there are about eight chapters of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists plus a few other kindred organizations such as the Catholic Labor Alliance of Chicago, the Catholic Labor Guild of Boston, and the Catholic Labor Institute of Los Angeles. There are also a number of labor schools conducted by these organizations, by diocesan priests and by some Catholic colleges and schools, notably among those administered by Jesuits. The Jesuits also have at least one retreat league for workingmen. The Young Christian Workers, where established, have done good work among the younger element. There has not been much activity by most of these organizations or agencies along the line of an explicitly religious formation and the training of "apostles," but the need for this is gaining greater recognition all the time. Unfortunately, in many dioceses there has been no action at all on this papal concern.

This writer knows of only one employer organization that seems to owe its inspiration to the encyclicals, and that is the Catholic Institute of the Food Industry in New York founded by John Quincy Adams. Other organizations of Catholic businessmen are heard of from time to time, but whether they are designed to promote or oppose the teachings of the Popes is not always clear.

It is my own belief that there will probably be no notable advances toward realizing the encyclical program until much more work is done along the line of bringing Catholic businessmen in sympathetic touch with the Popes' teaching, and until Catholic organizations do a better job of developing apostolic Christian labor leaders.

But still, add it all up, divide, subtract, condense, boil and remove the impurities, and what do you find? George Meany was not too far wrong. I think there *is* something about the American people that makes them, by inclination and experience, more receptive to the Popes' middle way of rights and duties, of cooperation without collaboration, of impersonal justice and personal charity, than any other people on earth. I think we have come a long way since 1931, and a much longer way since 1891. But if we are moved by this thought to sit down and smugly contemplate our own superiority, God help us. For we surely have a long, long way to go.

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THE STAGE

NOTHING

THEY COME before us, Mr. Samuel Beckett's tatterdemalion wayfarers, caked with the dust of nothingness: sour and smelly, down at the heel though not at the mouth; abused by vermin as well as the cruel sportiveness of belly, blood and bone, and waiting by a withered tree on one of the parched landscapes of time for the advent of the enigmatic, capricious Mr. Godot. They quarrel, they reconcile, formally they debate—shall we hang ourselves?—they try to sleep and sometimes dream; one eats a carrot or a turnip, and another scrambles in the dust for chicken bones. Yet the weight of *nada* is massive, and these gestures dwindle beneath it; only the interruption of two gaudy figures, eternal master and slave wound perversely in some terrible bondage, provides a grotesque diversion. But beyond this, nothing happens: the play is merely an expansion of its mesmeric title, "Waiting for Godot": that gentleman never arrives, and as the two tramps take up again their inexorable vigil, only three leaves, sprouting with incongruous pathos on the withered tree, suggest any possibility of order or purpose or harmony in an alienated world.

The arrival of Mr. Beckett's play, preceded by its intimidating vanguard of international opinion, marks a point of intellectual beauty in the season. The Irish Mr. Beckett is an eclectic artist, and for all his abstinent rejection of every investiture of tradition or grace or rhetoric, one may yet read in "Waiting for Godot" other and diverse patterns of the imagination. From Chaplin and the music hall, Beckett has taken the controlling images of the tramps, of shoes that pinch and hats that itch; his language has something of Gertrude Stein's grave intensity, her succinct, hovering implication; the long Joycean farrago—a compost heap of Western thought—spewed forth by the bestial Lucky, wakes with a start of horror out of Finnegan. Even Beckett's subtle interleavings of vaudeville humor with cosmic allusion recall the infallible adjustments of tone and elevation in "Sweeney Agonistes" and "The Cocktail Party." Yet "Waiting for Godot" is neither a pastiche nor a wealth of fragments: its pattern is drawn with notable purity of draughtsmanship; its poetry is secure. That poetry (insufficiently released in this production) is one of man's abused smallness and his hope, of the human tenderness which alone succors his outcast state. Surely this is potently felt even by those who have objected to the play's lack of any mastering logic or single meaning. We do ill to ask always for this certain, definable kind of "meaning"; at a point of incandescence, the imagination—particularly the dramatic imagination—works essentially in images, and I take indeed the excellence of "Godot" to reside not in its metaphysical pretensions, but in the grasping power and domination of its images.

I have, however, implied experience and vision: what is the structure of Mr. Beckett's? Here, he brings the metaphysical shudder before the Absurd to its final nullity. "At the end of my work," the dramatist has written, "there is nothing but dust—the nameable." And this attitude of disintegration dictates the various abolitions—of time, of logic—which are a feature of "Waiting for Godot." Yet as an aesthetic intent, the calculated exploitation of impotence would seem to have its limitations, and what is absent from Mr. Beckett and from his play is any impulse of energy: for all the elegiac intelligence with which "Godot" makes its statement, for all its austere poetry of desolation, the drama has finally no sustaining sense of life. Pirandello made statements of a comparable metaphysical horror, but the area of experience for him always trembles and dilates with possibility; a dreadful stillness is the climate of Mr. Beckett's abyss. That abyss, however, is one over which we have all hovered, and into which the greatest spirits of our time have descended, and the steely, unsolaced courage with which Mr. Beckett confronts its ultimate terrors has a kind of anguished heroism. I would note, too, the curious nobility which colors Mr. Beckett's vision, even at its bleakest; for all the intensity of his shudder before experience, he never succumbs, in "Waiting for Godot," to the paltry hysteria of what D. H. Lawrence once called doing dirt on life.

Mr. Michael Myerberg's production is an act of responsible audacity, if not the total account of a singularly difficult play that one might wish: generally its accents of farce are too heavily stressed, and its monochromatic lyrical pathos inadequately marked. Mr. E. G. Marshall plays one of the tramps with a quizzical, angular alertness, very good indeed, while Mr. Bert Lahr gives, as the other, what will surely become one of the celebrated performances of the contemporary theater. His raffish bonhomie and clownish grace, alternately broad and finicky, are inexhaustibly diverting, though he does sacrifice some of the role's pity to his own poetic sense of the grotesque. Faithful most to Beckett's intention, perhaps, are Mr. Kurt Kasznar as the immemorial master made up curiously like the dreadful old procurer in *Pinocchio,* and Mr. Alvin Epstein, whose mimetic power etches with a hideous and triumphant authority the gibbering figure of the debased slave.

I might add that Miss Edith Kern has written a discerning commentary on "Waiting for Godot" in the Fourteenth Number of the *Yale French Studies.* (*At the Golden.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

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THE SCREEN

A LITTLE LEARNING IS

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, overimpressed in his recent films like "The Trouble with Harry" and and "To Catch a Thief" with comedy, scenery and a large screen, returns in "The Man Who Knew Too Much" to the field in which he excels: suspense. Not neglecting VistaVision or Technicolor, which show off Marrakesh and London to advantage, or his starry cast, led by James Stewart and Doris Day in top form, Director Hitchcock manages to build up a tense situation that remains wonderfully scary all the time—not just in the mysterious shadows of the night but even in the sunshine and bright lights when the sound track adds to the thrills. Right from its start with very American Jimmy, Doris and their young son (Christopher Olsen) on a bus in French Morocco, "The Man Who Knew Too Much" has a nervous, edgy quality that grows in scene after scene. The excitement rises when Jimmy witnesses the murder of a young man (Daniel Gelin) who had befriended them. Before the young man dies he whispers to Jimmy about an assassination that will soon take place in London. Realizing that Jimmy knows too much, the plotters kidnap his son. Then the excitement zooms to new heights in London where Jimmy and Doris, unable to use Scotland Yard because of threats from the kidnapers, struggle to get their son back and stop the assassination.

The story is tailor-made for Hitchcock, who used the same plot and title for a movie some twenty years ago. This time the script was written by John Michael Hayes and Angus MacPhail from the story by Charles Bennett and D. B. Wyndham-Lewis, and the whole thing has been fancied up a bit. Perhaps the picture's two-hour running time is rather long for such a rich mixture of thrills and suspense, but Hitchcock is never niggardly with his entertainments. He includes a full share of comedy relief, human emotions, false clues (some of which are a little silly) and one lengthy scene that is unbearably tense, during which an entire cantata is played by the London Symphony Orchestra at crowded Albert Hall. A single clash of cymbals during this cantata is the signal for the poised assassin to fire the fatal shot. Hitchcock's cast, which includes Brenda de Banzie and Bernard Miles, turn in fine performances. It's a pleasure to see Doris Day's good portrayal of a wife and mother; and Master Olsen's realistic characterization as the kidnapped youngster is another tribute to Hitchcock's skill as a director.

SINCE movies are mainly a director's art, it is frequently difficult to tell how much credit for a good performance should go to the actor. This is especially true of child actors. But when a youngster like Brandon de Wilde has given consistently fine performances (on stage, on TV and in films like "The Member of the Wedding" and "Shane") he surely deserves personal credit. He will add to his laurels by his thoughtful and sensitive portrayal of the boy in "Goodbye, My Lady." Director William A. Wellman also merits considerable praise for his careful handling of this touching story of a boy and a dog (reminiscent of "The Yearling" theme) which might easily have become an exercise in sentiment instead of an honest study of a boy's development. The other characters in Sid Fleischman's well-written screenplay (from the novel by James Street) are also deftly portrayed: Walter Brennan as the boy's illiterate, toothless uncle who raised him, Phil Harris as the community's "leading citizen" and storekeeper, Sidney Poitier as the boy's friend, a wise college-graduate, and several more in supporting roles. Because all this takes place deep in Mississippi's Pascagoula Swamp, the cast is necessarily small, but it is excellent.

More than anything else the boy wants a dog of his own. He finds one in the swamp—an odd one that looks like a cross between a fox-terrier and a cat, and laughs insteads of barks. (We don't learn till later that it is a Basenji hound, a rare African hunting breed that goes back before the time of Moses). The boy devotes himself to training it, and these scenes, though painful at times, are fascinating. Soon "Lady" becomes the perfect bird dog, and she and the boy are inseparable. You know, of course, that the day will come when "Lady's" worth and real owner will be discovered. Then what will the boy do—keep the dog or return her? The uncle, who gave the boy no "book learning" but did instill good moral values, and the storekeeper, who carries great weight, and the Negro friend, who knew all the time that "Lady" was a Basenji, let the boy decide for himself. This beautifully photographed, impressive film about a boy's coming of age is a must for children, but one which I suspect adults will like even more than the youngsters.

IN THE issue of February 10, I reviewed "Lucky Kid," an English film about another charming youngster. This has now been released in this country under its original English title: "A Kid for Two Farthings." Even though this movie got a little too folksy for my taste, some may find quite diverting its whimsical story about a boy who insists his kid is a unicorn. Director Carol Reed was more successful with Master Jonathan Ashmore than with the grown-ups in the cast. Perhaps some child actors make their elders work too hard.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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OF NOTE

MARRIED DEACONS

WRITING in the *Month* (114 Mount Street, W.1, London), Roland Hill discusses the possibility of a revival of the practice of ordaining married men as deacons. Excerpts from his article follow:

On 23 December 1951 an ordination took place in the chapel of the Mary Ward nuns in Mainz which has had a sensational impact on the whole Catholic world. The newly ordained priest was Father Rudolf Goethe, a former Lutheran pastor who had been received into the Church in April 1950. He was married —his wife, formerly Countess Freda Bulow von Dennewitz, a descendant of Lutheran and Huguenot refugees, is also a convert—and he had received the Holy Father's special permission to be ordained and continue his married state. Two other married clergymen have since been ordained in Germany; they are Father Martin Giebner in the archdiocese of Paderborn and Father Otto Melchers in the diocese of Mainz.

It was stated at the time in many Catholic papers that the three priests in question had to give an undertaking to observe chastity of the unmarried in their married life or that they had to live as brother and sister. However, this was not the case. All three received permission from Rome to continue their married state without any reservation. This permission applied to their already existing valid marriages, just as it applies to the secular clergy in the Catholic Church of the Eastern rite, who are allowed to continue their married state, if the marriage has been concluded before their ordination to the diaconate, but who are not allowed to marry afterwards. A similar regulation was granted when the unification of the Ruthenians with the Roman Catholic Church was achieved at the end of the sixteenth century.

The celibacy of the clergy in the Western Catholic Church is a discipline adopted for various reasons, historical and social, and might well be rescinded if this was thought expedient. That this discipline has not, however, been affected, not even by implication, in the case of these former Lutheran pastors, was stated by the Bishop of Mainz who said in a sermon preached in his cathedral on Christmas Day 1951 that this was a purely personal decision of the Holy Father, and that there could be no question of a general extension of this privilege to Lutheran or other clergymen. . . .

What is particularly significant in the conversion of these . . . Protestant pastors is the evidence they provide of a new and solid, if as yet small, "high-church" tendency in German Lutheranism, a growing pre-occupation with the concept of the Church not merely as a congregation of believers but as a divinely appointed institution, the guardian of her sacramental system, an infallible teacher on faith and morals. Since the Hitlerite persecution of the Christian religion, more and more German Protestants have awakened to the fatal reality of their historical ties to the State and sought to recover the lost spiritual roots of their own Lutheran traditions. German Lutheran historians and theologians have rediscovered Luther as a man who was devoted to Our Lady and believed in the Natural Law, and, today, a theologian, like Probst Asmussen, can write about the Church and Our Lady in terms hardly differing from those a Catholic would use. . . .

The privilege of ordination which the Holy Father has granted [in these cases] . . . has raised hopes in Germany and elsewhere that it might be more widely extended. However, there is no reason to think that the Church intends to abolish or even to mitigate her time-honored law of the celibacy of the clergy. The priestly office requires full devotion to Christ to "attend upon the Lord without distraction" (I Cor. 7, 32) and it was a natural historical course which produced, in the times of persecution of the early Church, a demand for bishops, as heads of the Christian communities, to be unencumbered by the care for wives and children, and to be wedded to Christ alone. As the monastic ideal became united with the ideal of the priesthood in the Western Church, the unwritten law of the general celibacy of the clergy became the written law.

What appears to be much more within the realm of realistic discussion is the revival of the old practice of ordaining married men to the diaconate as one major answer to the shortage of priests all over the world. The case for the married diaconate is scholarly argued by Dr. Wilhelm Schamoni in a brief study, the publication of which at this moment must be warmly welcomed. (*Married Men as Ordained Deacons*. By Wilhelm Schamoni. Translated by Otto Eisner. Burns and Oates 7s 6d.)

The office of the diaconate—the first Deacons were the "seven men of honest report" assisting the Apostles (Acts 6, 1-7)—has become nowadays merely a transitional phase on the way to priesthood. The original tasks and services of deacons were summed up in the *schema* distributed to the Council Fathers in Trent on 6 July 1563:

"The service of the deacons has to consist in a lasting endeavor within, and for the benefit of, the administration of the Church. It is their task to baptize and to preach according to the bishops' orders, also to re-admit to the Church those excommunicated, in the absence of bishop or priest. They shall observe with care, and perform in piety, whatever concerns the bodily welfare of widows, wards and orphans, prisoners,

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sick persons and of all those who suffer from want, and in just the same manner, whatever is capable of furthering the faithful spiritually. . . ."

In the Western Church, the development of the celebration of the Eucharist into the private Mass rendered, as Dr. Schamoni shows, the deacon redundant at the altar. Social and economic changes also played their part. The transition at the beginning of the Middle Ages from an urban to an agrarian economy, and the assumption by the Church of the guardianship of law and order reduced the functions of *caritas* which were the deacon's special calling, and once there was an abundance of priests in the West, the deacon ceased to be their regular helper. He was the "precursor and pioneer" of the priest and acted as the leader of the young Christian rural communities all over Europe, later to be replaced by the priest.

But today, as in the old Church, there are not enough priests to cope with the expansion of the Church. Many parish communities are left without even the minimum of Sunday Mass. In France, for instance, there are 13,000 unoccupied parishes; in Central America there is only one priest for every 5,850 Catholics (in Guatemala for 25,500!), in South America for 4,900. And keeping to the South American examples, Dr. Schamoni asks:

"Rather than leave 144 million souls with only 10,000 priests, would it not be easier to find among groups of 1,440 believers, one resident with a genuinely spiritual mind, a man who has proved by the way he brings up his children and presides in his home that he could just as well preside in the House of God? Such a man whose character commands respect, need not necessarily have any special knowledge or undergo any special training; he could without any long preparation (for which he would anyway have little time because of his ordinary work), be ordained as deacon and thus become a column in the temple of God. He is a column already; it has only to be put up."

Such a deacon could hold a prayer and reading service on those Sundays when the Holy Eucharist was not celebrated; he could administer Holy Communion to the faithful in church and also in the sickroom. In outlying districts he could keep in touch with the congregation, and his family and occupation would link him to the place of his activity in a way which the busy modern parish priest can hardly equal. Eusebius tells the story how a sick priest could not come to a dying old man and sent Holy Communion to him through a young boy. . . . Dr. Schamoni also points to the possibility of ordaining to the diaconate students of theology who have found that they are more suited to marriage than to become priests. . . .

The institution of married deacons might well contribute towards an increase in the numbers of students of theology. It would offer a solution to the many convert Protestant clergymen who would be happy with an ecclesiastical office that allows them to give, soon after their reception into the Church, service in the care of souls in a manner similar to that to which they have been accustomed. Some of them, if they are unmarried, may go on to become priests, but for all of them the diaconate could offer a life of full and complete devotion to Christ. In the mission field where the Church has come to rely increasingly on the work of the native catechists, the opening of the diaconate would lend their positions more authority and influence among their people. The latter would find it less difficult to adapt themselves towards the missioners.

No doubt there are objections to these proposals, but the supreme law remains "the salvation of souls." That is the law which St. Cyril remembered when, 1100 years ago, he justified the introduction of Slavonic as a liturgical language in his mission to the Slavs: "Since I found them so very lacking in all knowledge of the ways of God and sunk in ignorance, the grace of the gently flowing Holy Spirit gave me only one thought. Thereby I have thus won a great people for God." And this supreme law was also remembered by St. Francis Xavier and the great Jesuit missionaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Their plans for native married catechists and a native clergy and the use of the vernacular as the language of the liturgy were unfortunately never realized, to the great detriment of the Church in the Far East, and, indeed, in other parts of the world. "Confidence, responsibility and zeal cannot unfold in people who are treated as inferiors," writes Dr. Schamoni. This is as true today for the whole apostolate of the Church as it was in former ages.

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A Joyous, Unorthodox Search for Freedom

THE ROAD. By Harry Martinson. Translated by M. A. Michael. Reynal and Co. $3.50.

By JACK PATTERSON

IT IS likely that few readers in this country know of Harry Martinson or his work. Except for this present translation of *The Road,* his major work in prose, only one other book, *Cape Farewell,* an impressionistic account of his life at sea, is available in English. Since 1930, when he achieved his first success with a volume of poems, *Nomad,* Martinson's reputation as a poet and prose writer has grown steadily in his native Sweden. The appearance of *The Road* in 1948 gained his election to the Swedish Academy. But by itself, *The Road,* a rich, various, strangely beautiful book, will provide a secure foundation for his reputation in this country.

The Road resists labeling. It is composed of autobiography, allegory, lyric, satire, social criticism and philosophical dialogue. It is a novel only in some broad sense, such as the definition E. M. Forster had recourse to, "a prose fiction of considerable extent." The narrative concerns Bolle, a mild-mannered cigar maker whose craft is usurped by a machine that produces in mass inferior versions of the splendid, aromatic cigars he painstakingly makes by hand. Bolle takes to the road to live as a vagabond and dies many years later in a tuberculosis sanitorium.

Bolle's travels along the road, his adventures and misfortunes and his friendships with fellow tramps are related in chapters that are fundamentally vignettes, linked together rather casually by the presence of one or two characters that appear and re-appear from time to time. The looseness of organization is intensified by a relaxed, discursive style that seems at times to meander. For a while, this looseness tends to disturb, but the unity of the single poetic thrust which drives through the episodes gradually reveals itself. The book—which was written over a ten-year period—is clearly the product of one steadily sustained inspiration.

Mr. Martinson is always acute, often profound. His knowledge of Bolle's life as a tramp is immediate; it springs from personal experience. Though *The Road* is created out of an artistic preoccupation with the general human situation, allusions to specific economic dislocation in Sweden of pre-World War I show that Mr. Martinson grounds his perceptions in a firm grasp of harsh social reality. Throughout, he turns a deeply comprehending, compassionate gaze on the world and the people that are encompassed by his novel.

One might take any one of many themes treated in *The Road* to illustrate the tone of the book and the quality of the author's perceptions. A fundamental concern of the book, for example, is freedom. Desire for freedom drives Bolle to the road. He searches not for political freedom but freedom from constraints—those of society and its machines and of other people as social beings. He wants to pull down the barrier separating him from the universe of nature, the fullness, the variety of existence—separating him from—what else can we name it?—life.

Of course, Bolle does not find freedom. The road can never lead him out of the prison of fear in which he and the respectable people from whom he begs are common occupants. "It amounted, then, to this: there was no freedom on the roads, just constant need to adapt oneself to fear, one's own and that of others. You had the joy of the road in bits, a few golden yards, twelve paces or a stone's throw at a time, then it was gone." For there are two sorts of people in *The Road,* tramps and respectable people. The working people fear and distrust tramps. Their fear engenders hatred and contempt. As for the tramps, their profoundest fear is that of being feared and hated.

Respectable people make vagabondage a crime punishable by servitude in a work house called the "Mount." But the tramps do not really fear the Mount. Bolle even observes: "If there had been no Mount, then perhaps there would not have been so many tramps. If you had been in the Mount, then the very hardness of life on the road seemed mild in comparison." But there is always the inexorable logic of respectability: there have to be criminals in order to justify so many jails.

Bolle remains on the road even after he has lost all hope of freedom. It is his existence and though it passes through many dark woods, it provides supreme, fleeting moods of happiness. Above all, it is expectancy: "The road becomes a flood of promises that streams in through his eyes and out through his heels, a flow of promises that is an end in itself; in itself a fulfillment. The only condition that it shall be so is that he should walk on and on."

Other themes could be developed. But in the end, perhaps the power of *The Road* lies in this: it is a joyous book in the same sense that, say, *Don Quixote* (another kind of vagabond) is. *The Road* exposes to our view cruelty, brutality, men's beastliness in abundance. It records examples of that petty meanness that is so spiteful and frigid we almost welcome and excuse violence for its passion. But *The Road* is never bitter or distorted. It contains much gentleness, humor and sweetness; it is filled with sadness yet suffused with joy—joy for which the intellect, perplexed by the world, can offer no adequate account. It is as though, just as the road streams through Bolle's life, a vibrant, vital flood streams through this book. The flood carries many things with it, but perhaps what is most significant in this book is not the evil or even the good but the flood which bears them.

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Dreams and Reality in Israel

MORI SA'ID. By Hayim Hazaz. Translated from the Hebrew by Ben Halpern. Abelard Schuman. $4.

By HENRY POPKIN

THIS lively, intelligent novel takes full advantage of its exotic subject, the life of the poor, pious Jews who came from primitive Yemen to Israel during World War II. The liveliness and concreteness are visible on every page, but the novelist's intelligence, equally apparent, produces its effect from a distance, as in the Yiddish fiction of Peretz and Sholem Aleichem. It is implicit in the selection of the action and the patterns into which the action falls, but Hazaz shrewdly keeps to one side and lets his characters reveal themselves, in all the fullness, variety, and joyous eccentricity of their lives.

Hazaz employs three parallel plots, and in each of them he contrasts a rich, happy dream life with wretched, squalid reality. One thread follows the episodic career of Sion, an improvident husband, father of a huge flock of grimy children. This is a man with a talent for wheedling small benefits out of life. He borrows ten pounds (to be repaid on the Judgment Day, which the lender believes to be imminent), buys a donkey, dreams of profits to come but loses a prospective purchaser, becomes affluent in defiance of fate, acquires a mistress, runs off with her, and finally returns to resume his old life. His father, Mori Sa'id, dreams on a grander scale. To an eager audience (usually an audience of one) he interprets his visions of the world's approaching end, but he, too, is going down a hopeless, aimless path. He must explain away the world's contrariness—the postponement of Judgment, his son's dishonesty, Hitler's victories, and the general squalor of Yemenite life. The effort destroys him; in his decline, he persuades his aged friend to take a second wife, accuses the friend of spying for the Imam of Yemen, and dies a beggar at the Wailing Wall. The third dreamer is Rumyeh, Sion's daughter, who turns hope into reality by going to a collective farm.

These dreams are all the more extravagant because the dreamers are Yemenites. They have no knowledge of the contemporary world to get in the way of their imaginary constructs, and so, no matter how bad their practical circumstances may be, they still live a rich, full life of the mind. Mori Sa'id makes a career of dreaming. His son lets an idealized image of himself govern his life. ("And here he is arguing a case against the Egyptians before Alexander of Macedon. . . . At once all the matrons in Caesar's house come out to greet him and rejoice before him: 'Greatest of your people, spokesman of your nation. . . .' ") Rumyeh dreams more modestly of her future on the kibbutz. ("Now Rumyeh is debating with the comrades at the general meeting, stirring them and taking them by storm with her words, out-arguing them all.") The three courses dovetail; simultaneously, Mori Sa'id's friend seeks a bride, Sion finds a mistress, and Rumyeh is courted by her socialist lover, and, simultaneously, while Rumyeh achieves her new life, her father and grandfather buckle under the weight of their unrealizable aspirations.

But the novel's worth is not in its master plan or in its sharp comments on self-delusion. *Mori Sa'id* is at its best when its simply relies on its incidents and characterizations, all of them full of pith and juice. Take Mori Sa'id in an advanced stage of his decline: "I have a higher degree in heaven than anyone! I'm equal to King David! Indeed, I existed from the days of Adam, and my soul was stored away in a place remote beyond knowing!" This is both pitiful and amusing, but it is also the inevitable goal of the old man's dreams; at the same time, it is the real danger that faces any holy man, the threat that is put more discreetly to T. S. Eliot's St. Thomas by the Fourth Tempter. Or take Sion, coming home to Jerusalem: "He made himself look even more dismal and broken than he really was. As though he wished to indicate to the Jerusalemites: I am not as every man, I come from Tel Aviv and I was in the bombings." Basically, this is the old man's dream, shorn of its rhapsody. The two quotations are twelve pages apart. Each illuminates by itself, and each is a mirror for the other.

In short, *Mori Sa'id* is a novel with a pulse; that is to say, it is alive.

The French Counterpart

THE SPOILED CHILDREN. By Philippe Hériat. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. G. P. Putnam's. $3.95.

By JOHN F. SULLIVAN

WHETHER M. Hériat acquired any real understanding of Americans during his teaching career at the University of California, his novel, *The Spoiled Children,* certainly demonstrates that he learned well the techniques of that slick brand of fiction which fills so many American magazines and books aimed at an audience of women. He has, in fact, blended three favorite ingredients of the *Ladies Home Journal* type novel into a gelatinous goo that seems to prove, by its sales record in France, that women readers there have no less deadened taste-buds than their American sisters.

The most obvious of the three ingredients is sex. But it is the dishonest sort of sex that is meant only to deliver a thrill of the forbidden without ever truly admitting the disconcerting realities. It is significant that the sexual themes of the novel are frigidity and impotence. The only surprise for an American is that European women should also regard as ideal the marriage of a frigid woman to an impotent man.

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The second well-tried ingredient is the dull, money-grubbing family, set in opposition to the sensitive heroine. It must be admitted that the Boussardels are a particularly unlovely example of the type, and that M. Hériat has succeeded best in bringing them to life.

The third ingredient is, in this instance, a flavoring specially compounded for the French reader, though it has an exact counterpart in comparable American fiction. It is introduced by sprinkling here and there sensational, often false details about American morals and customs. American readers, of course, will find these tid-bits quite ridiculous; one can imagine, however, that the French reader will find her deepest misgivings justified as she reads that the "true symbol of the whole country" is that Berkeley coeds "never wore any underclothing at all." (You see how it works —in a novel for American women it would be Parisian girls who thus disport themselves.)

M. Hériat has attempted, I think, something more sophisticated in the way of symbolism than this detail, in his contrast of the French girl and her American lover, suggesting, perhaps, through their child the need to combine the best of both lands. But if this was intended, it does not succeed, because no perceptive reader, French or American, could be fooled for a moment into believing that either character could truly represent France or America.

Analyses of the Party System

MODERN POLITICAL PARTIES. Edited by Sigmund Neumann. University of Chicago Press. $7.50.

By VICTOR C. FERKISS

POLITICAL parties have always been held in low esteem by Americans of all classes. The Founding Fathers equated them with a feared factionalism, and today increasing numbers of Americans think it an act of superior virtue to list themselves as "Independents." At the turn of the century this low opinion of parties was shared by most scholars, and the enactment of open primary and "non-partisan" election laws received their enthusiastic support. In recent years the tide has turned and, among political scientists at least, the value of political parties is increasingly recognized — not alone because the party system provides a responsible and ready alternative government should the voters become dissatisfied with the government in power, but also because parties provide what well may be the single most important means for promoting peaceful compromise and civic unity in democratic societies.

This increased respect for the role of the political party has spurred the scientific study of parties, as has the fact that voting behavior and party activity are peculiarly susceptible to quantification —currently a much valued attribute of any study of society.

Modern Political Parties is the first attempt to bring together materials on the political parties of a number of countries in a single volume, and its appearance should prove a great convenience to the student of politics. The book fails, however, to provide a framework which would permit the materials to be presented in a truly comparative manner. Instead, editor Sigmund Neumann invited experts on particular areas to discuss the party system of their area in whatever terms the individual nation's experiences suggested to them.

As might be anticipated, the various essays are of uneven quality. Lack of parallel structure and differences in emphasis make it difficult for the reader to interrelate the data on parties found in the different selections. The essays on Great Britain and Germany are especially useful because of the author's consciousness of the need for a tight analytical framework for their studies. Most of the essays, how-

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ever, are primarily historical rather than analytical in approach, and some of the authors seem to doubt even the possibility of establishing any generalizations concerning the form and functioning of political parties. Gwendolyn Carter's statement that parties are capable of "infinite variety" is obviously hyperbolic but may also be a cry of despair.

Some of the selections are commonplace descriptions of the governments of the countries concerned —oft-told tales. A particular offender in this regard is the section on the Soviet Union; indeed, it is difficult to find any theoretical justification for including a study of a one-party system, which the editor himself elsewhere calls a "contradiction in terms." On the whole, all the parties discussed are accorded unbiased treatment, although an anti-Catholic *parti pris* is evident in the discussion of Belgium.

The most stimulating article in the volume is also the most topical — E. E. Schattschneider's brief study of American politics. Mr. Schattschneider rejects any monocasual explanation of the characteristics of political parties, whether this interpretation be based on a nation's constitutional framework or on its social structure, but he does emphasize the importance of the function a given party is called upon to perform in particular circumstances. Thus he holds that the loose organization of the Republican Party in its long heyday can be credited to the fact that its job was to *prevent* government action, rather than to carry out any positive legislative program. He stresses the underemphasized sectional character of American politics. A single party exercised an unchallenged dominance in the North as well as in the South between the Civil War and 1932, and Mr. Schattschneider holds that the latter year witnessed a real revolution in the "nationalizing" of American Political life. Since 1932 the difference between the voting strength of the parties has decreased in every state. Since 1932, in any given election, increased support for one of the parties in one part of the country has ordinarily meant increased support for that party throughout the country; previously, an increase in the Republican vote in the North would often correlate with an increase in the Democratic vote in the South.

Greater interest of the electorate in national than in local issues and increased competition between the parties has resulted in the eclipse of the local party boss and in the development of tighter party organization with more control by the national body, vigorous campaigning, and adroit exploitation of every advantage. The pattern of American politics seems to be approaching the pattern exhibited by the British two-party system, with narrow margins of victory combined with frequent shifts in office between the two parties.

Editor Neumann's concluding essay, "Toward a Comparative Study of Political Parties," is disappointing. Neumann sets forth an agenda of work that needs doing and then lists, in no particular order, a number of factors that ought to be taken into consideration in the study of parties, but he does not attempt to provide any overall theoretical framework—any scheme of systematic relationships—on the basis of which researchers can select significant hypotheses for investigation. Without such a framework the study of political parties can never be truly comparative, however valuable individual contributions may be, but must remain what, essentially, it is today—a collection of noncomparable studies of unique events.

The bibliography of this costly volume is selective rather than comprehensive, with each of the authors providing a list of the material he considers to be of especial importance to the study of the political parties of which he writes.

Other Aspects of Lincoln

THE MAN WHO ELECTED LINCOLN. By Jay Monaghan. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.50.
LINCOLN AND THE TOOLS OF WAR. By Robert V. Bruce. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

By JOHN COURNOS

STILL they come, tome upon tome of historico-biographical narrations, commentaries, new data dug up by researchers, each succeeding volume adding to the stature of Abraham Lincoln, and to our awareness of the depth of his inwardness.

At first thought, most of us would regard skeptically anyone's claim to have elected Lincoln to the Presidency. It would be natural to take for granted that Lincoln, being Lincoln, elected himself. Yet a perusal of Mr. Monaghan's volume will convince any but a prejudiced reader that there is considerable justification in his thesis that Charles Ray, editor-in-chief and part owner of the Chicago *Tribune*, a personality quite forgotten today, was in a very large measure instrumental in first building up the national reputation of a great though still relatively unknown man, then in maneuvering the political situation prior to and during the Republican National Convention of 1860 to ensure the nomination of Lincoln.

This was no political gesture on Charles Ray's part, no design to obtain office, no temporary enthusiasm. An ardent abolitionist and crusader, he had for a decade or so watched the career of "Honest Abe," a soubriquet the editor used with increasing frequency, and became deeply convinced that here was the one man qualified to handle the grave problem facing the nation. With singular astuteness he encouraged and helped to initiate the Douglas-Lincoln debates and used his newspaper and every other possible means to broadcast the texts.

Yet in one or two instances even Ray resorted to expedience on behalf of the candidate he wished to nominate. Without consulting Lincoln he promised the Indiana and Pennsylvania delegations important offices at the disposal of the future President. The Pennsylvania dele-

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gation was specifically promised that Cameron would have a place in the Cabinet. Without these votes it was very doubtful if Lincoln could win. It is on record, however, that when Lincoln was asked for a commitment prior to this unauthorized promise, he forcefully replied: "I authorize no bargains and will be bound by none." As it turned out later, the bargain made unscrupulously in his name gave him something of a headache. Except for this one transgression, it seems Ray was faithful to Lincoln unto the end, even though the President sorely tried his patience by delaying the Emancipation upon which he had counted from the beginning. The author handles his background with knowledge and skill, especially in the early chapters in which the temper of the time, the result of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, becomes a vivid reality rich with portent.

Mr. Bruce's account fascinates not only because it adds an unsuspected facet to the character of Lincoln, but also because it is a startling reminder that during the Civil War the very nature of war was undergoing a profound, even revolutionary change. Brave men were something, but machines were something again, and without them the bravest men were of little avail. Industries began to count as a vital factor for victory. The Civil War, in short, was really a prelude to all future wars. Here again, Lincoln's genius shone, for he early realized mechanical potentialities and took a specific, almost passionate, interest in the encouragement of inventive faculties and of industries which could make practical application of them to the needs of the war. Lincoln, asserts Mr. Bruce, "had the engineer's exact and tenacious mind, not quick and facile. . . but marked by deliberation and reflective analysis." He quotes Lincoln: "I am never easy when I am handling a thought till I have bounded it north, bounded it south, bounded it east, and bounded it west."

It is hardly surprising, then, that he should become a frequent visitor to the Navy Yard and a crony of the man in charge, Captain Dahlgren. We are assured that Lincoln knew much more about the new Machine Age and contemporary inventions than the world at large gave him credit for.

It is on record that Lincoln and Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, "ushered into being the first successful military air force in history." Of course, it consisted only of balloons found useful in reconnaissance, but the fact remains that Lincoln was alive to every trick that could be manipulated in war. This rare man was, indeed, something of an inventor himself, having in 1849 patented an invention for buoying vessels over shoals. He lived in an age when there was a quickening of the practical scientific spirit. It was during those early sixties that young Henry Adams was already prophesying the day when science "may have the existence of mankind in its power, and the human race commit suicide by blowing up the world." But Lincoln was hardly thinking of that. He had a job to do.

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Then and Now

The Commonweal has long been interested in the Italian novel and Italian Catholic writers. Despite the ravages of Fascism and war, there is a striking similarity to be noted over a space of thirty years.

Logically, one would expect that Italy, being the center of Catholicism, would furnish the best and most numerous Catholic writers of all Europe. Today, at least, this is far from being the case. Sincerity compels us to admit that our contemporary Catholic literature is terribly poor.

A few years ago, it is true, on the morrow of the great war, there was a gleam of hope. Suffering and fear of death, disgust for a life immersed in the pleasures of the senses, disillusionment over the bankruptcy to which positivist and ultra-idealist philosophies had arrived, were driving the youth of our country to seek in religion an atmosphere which should purify and strengthen their own mental lungs. The churches again were packed, religious values were once more predominant, the importance of dogma was treated almost as a rediscovery. A new religious consciousness seemed to be in the air, and literature felt its repercussion. It was not so much writers who prepared the movement, as the masses which acted upon the writers.

Italian literature, with certain exceptions, has never been profoundly interior or religious. On the eve of the great war, it so happened that the influences dominant in our literature were the veteran Carducci, with his pagan velleities; D'Annunzio, more frankly pagan still; Pascoli, a mind subtly Christian, but without any well-defined religious sense; and Verga, not affected by the Christian spirit in any way at all.

— Arrigo Levasti, September 22, 1926

But for rare exceptions the novel as a genre has never taken hold in Italy as it has, say, in the United States, France, Germany or Russia. The origin of the Italian novel is various. It comes from our own provinces: from the regional novel which is sometimes written in dialect, where the author is above all the repositor of a custom, a language, a climate, a provincial situation; it comes from the social, realistic novel of the United States. . . .

Until some years ago, Italy excelled in a type of literature (which reached its paroxysm in D'Annunzio) intended not as a means of expression, but as a delight, a game, an adventure in form. Such a propensity could be developed particularly in the genre of the sketch and the short story: works which do not demand involved psychological development, but are often merely occasions for beautiful writing. . . .

When it comes to the Catholic novel, the difficulties multiply. . . .The Italian Catholic is frequently the victim of a greater provincialism. . . .Possibly the most serious obstacle of all for a Catholic novelist, however, is that he lacks a feeling of the incarnation of his faith in the painful, often scandalous and always twisted reality of human existence. For literature to exist, contact between religious principle and profane fact is necessary. It is often an upsetting contact, full of risks — but fear and complacency can be even more dangerous for a Christian than contact with the world.

— Luigi Rosadoni, May 13, 1955

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